

# RELIGIOUS INFORMER.

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## *Excellence of true Religion.*

True religion gives an engaging delicacy to our manners, which education or nature may mimic, but can never attain to. A sense of our infirmities and sufficiency makes us Modest. A sense of divine presence makes us decent and sincere. A sense of our corruption, natural and moral, makes us humble.—A sense of divine goodness and mercy, makes us obliging and compassionate.—A sense of our immortality makes us cheerful and happy. True religion is a principle of heavenly peace within us, which expands itself over the human frame and conduct, and sheds light and beauty on all around us. At ease within ourselves, we cannot give others trouble when the master is God, the servant is godlike, and if our conversation be on heaven, the graces of heaven will dwell on our lips, and shine forth in our actions.

## *"I CAN'T GET TIME."*

There is no excuse more common among mankind, for the neglect of almost every kind of duty, than *want of time*. It is pleaded by people of all ranks, and of all conditions in life. You hear it as well from the mere idler, who saunters away his time in the streets, in our places of amusement and dissipation, as from the more industrious. It not only prevents the performance of numerous social and relative duties, but is a pretence for the neglect of the infinitely more important concerns of the soul. Endeavour to reason with the ungodly upon 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' and they will say with Felix, 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a more *convenient*, season I will call for thee.' "Endeavor to persuade those around you to "give attendance to reading," that they may improve their minds, and lay up a stock of useful knowledge, they will tell you "*they can't get time*." If you wish to extend the circulation of some useful periodical publication, on requesting a friend to subscribe for it, you meet with the chilling reply, "*I can't get time to read it!*" If you establish and support a social or public prayer meeting, there will be but few who can *find time* to attend it. Recommended to Christians the practice of spending much time in *secret* prayer, they will acknowledge the importance of the subject, and would gladly attend to the duty, but *they can't get time*.

Thus meditation, prayer, self-examination, and many other important duties, are almost entirely neglected, or but imperfectly performed merely from a *want of time*. But is this the fact? Is it not owing rather to a want of *disposition*, than to a want of time? Are we not deceiving ourselves when we talk in this manner? If these objects were perfectly congenial with our feelings, should we not find time to engage in

them? For instance, is it not cwing to a cold heart, that Christians do not pray more? If our "hearts *burned within us*," should we not find much more time for communion with God? Would not many "fragments of time" that are now consumed in idle conversation, or in some vain amusement, be spent at the throne of grace? Let us reflect upon this subject, and answer these questions *as in the light of eternity*.

[*Boston Rec.*

From the R. I. Religious Intelligencer.

*Description of a Meeting in a new settlement.*

The growth of timber on this land is principally pine, whose sky-towering tops and broad spreading branches throw a darkening shade far and wide. Here a number of poor hardy families had repaired to obtain support by hard labor. They had settled some distance from each other; there being not more than two cottages in an opening. I visited them in a time of reformation, as a herald of the cross, and proclaimed unto them peace and salvation, in the ever blessed name of Jesus.

A person from one of our thick settled towns or cities would have been surprised to see the number of people that flocked together, and would have been led to inquire from whence they came. I preached to them in the afternoon, and truly the scene was solemn and interesting. The cheering love of God animated both speaker and hearers. In the evening we convened for further religious exercises. The time was usefully improved in singing, praying and exhortation, interspersed with solemn and heart-stirring shouts of victory.

This worship was not a mere dull form of words, but it was that devotion which flows from hearts deeply exercised by the life giving spirit of God.

At ten o'clock this ever to be remembered and happy scene closed. Each head of a family or company lit a pitch knot, when they departed in different directions for their homes. The darkness and silence of the night, the blazing torches with the animating songs of praise that flowed from these happy hearts, filled with the unspeakable love of God, and re-echoed in softest harmony through the neighbouring forest, and dying away in heart-melting accents on the ear, all conspired to render the scene romantic and interesting to the ever anxious mind. Could the unregenerate sons and daughters of wealth and pride, who seek for happiness in the dissipating pleasures that flow from earth-born bliss, be convinced of the reality of what we enjoyed on that agreeable evening, how would they fly with the speed of lightning to the blest arms of the Saviour, and never rest until they were embosomed in his love.

L. B.

*A short account of two children at Amsterdam, in a letter from their mother.*

My son was remarkably serious and tender hearted, from the time he began to speak. When he was two years and a half old, he was taken with the measles. On Sunday morning, lying on my lap, he desired to kiss his sister, not six years old. A little after, he said to me, "I must kiss you too." I took him up, he clasped me around the neck and kissed me. When he unclasped his hands I asked, "whither are you going?" he answered, "to the Lord," and in a few moments died.—Nine months



after the death of my son, my daughter, then about six years of age, fell ill of the small pox. One morning she called with unusual earnestness for her mother—as soon as I looked on her, I said, “my dear child, you are going to eternity.” She said “mother, will you pray for me,” she would take no denial, till I told her, “I will as well as I can,” she was going to kneel, but I dissuaded her from it, as it was very cold. After I had prayed I asked her how she did? She gave me no answer to this, but asked, “are these words in the bible,—suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?” I said, they are: upon which she began to pray, and then to repeat several verses of a hymn, and in this manner she spent some hours. In the mean time the apothecary came in, and desired she would drink something. She replied, “I cannot swallow,” he said, “then you must die?” she cheerfully replied, “I cannot help that.” I now withdrew for a while, desiring to be alone; but she quickly missed me, and asked where I was. On being told, that I was praying for her” she said “it is very well.” When I came in, she asked “where have you been?” I answered, “I have been praying for you.” She said “none need pray for my life, my sufferings are past; my fight is fought: I am going to Heaven.” I was astonished, and said “my child, before we can go to Heaven we must know Christ.” She answered, “I know Christ, behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.” She spoke no more, till she entered into the joy of her Lord!

FROM THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

#### RELIGION IN THE COTTAGE.

It is one bright characteristic of the Christian religion, that its reception ever makes men better than it found them, whatever may have been their previous condition. While it dissipates the dark clouds of error so often thrown around human philosophy, and exalts the highest views of natural reason, it also stoops to enlighten and cheer the tenant of the lowliest cot. It is too late to say that it is the only religion which is adapted to the people of all situations, even the most humble; and that it is the Star of Bethlehem alone that so often soothes and directs those whose condition would otherwise be truly comfortless. There is much instruction to be acquired by seeing the effects of pure religion in the lower walks of life;—for it is there that you find her in her loveliest garb, without any of the fanciful trappings of the fashionable world. The truth of the last remark may perhaps be more clearly illustrated by the following incident, which, though it may contain nothing marvellous, is nevertheless a simple fact.

Several years since while riding through the centre of Connecticut, I was one day unexpectedly caught in a tremendous thunder storm, far, as I feared, from any shelter. The rain was falling in torrents, and “those groaning travellers of the sky—the lightening that glares and the thunder that rends,” shook the very ground, and died away in echos through the surrounding woods, that often startled me. In this dreary condition, I arrived unexpectedly at a small thatched hovel, that seemed to promise but a poor retreat from the pitiless storm now raging in its violence. Curiosity as well as the rain urged me to ask for its hospitality. Little ceremony seemed either to be expected or wished at such a time; and in a few moments I was snugly seated beside a good fire, kindled with small sticks, which lay in bundles around

the hearth, and which bore marks of having been gathered by a female. The only inhabitants of this little mansion seemed to be a neat, modest young woman, and her son, a little white headed boy, who kept near her, as if afraid of strangers. The cottage contained but one room, which was furnished with a bed, a table, a few crazy chairs, and a small book-shelf, that contained a very few books, among which I noticed a small Bible. The rain was pouring into this dwelling from almost every quarter, as it was too ill covered to keep out the storm. The only light we had, came in through the crevices of the roof and sides, for there was no window in the building. I looked around with surprize to see a woman so cheerful and composed, while deprived of so many of the necessaries of life. I inquired if she was contented to live in such a situation, and if she was not much dejected with her condition; turning my eyes at the same time to a stream of water pouring in from the roof. "I might be discontented, Sir," she replied, as she placed a large pan to catch the water, "I might be discontented with this life, were I not fully convinced that my lot is far better than I deserve, and will one day be exchanged for a better—I mean in heaven!"—There was a resignation in her countenance that surprised me. She wiped her eyes with the corner of her clean apron, and at my request gave me a brief history of her life. She had married while young, with bright prospects of happiness and worldly felicity. But she was disappointed in the companion of her life. Her husband soon threw off his assumed mask, and showed himself almost destitute of humanity. He drank to excess, and lost his little property at the gaming table, among companions as worthless as himself. Often would he return home late at night, drunk and cross to abuse his poor wife, whose only comfort was to sit for his return, and weep over her little boy, as he lay slumbering, unconscious of her grief. Afflictions make men better or worse. Upon her they had a happy effect; they drove her to her Bible, and taught her that amid all her trials, there was a fountain of hope, which would never fail—a friend to the wretched who never forsakes. She thus learned how truly this life is a pilgrimage, how few were our earthly joys, and she placed her heart, her hopes, and anticipations in heaven, and was comforted. With cheerfulness and serenity, she now endured all the hard treatment of her husband, and no longer repined at her lot. She even informed me, that when alone with her little boy, while the raging winds threatened to crush her little cottage, she enjoyed seasons of communion with the Father of her spirit, which more than compensated for all her loneliness. —On being asked if she could earnestly pray for the salvation of her husband, she replied, "whilst there is life I can pray and hope; and often with tears and an anguished heart do I kneel for my poor husband, while he is ruining himself at places,—which a wife, cannot mention." After a long conversation with this interesting woman, as the rain subsided, I left her exhorting her to patience and faithfulness, not knowing as I should ever again be permitted to see her on the shores of mortality; and wondering not a little on the various, though necessary means which God employs to train his children up for immortality.

During the several years succeeding this visit at the cottage, among the numerous avocations which constantly surrounded me I had almost forgotten the contented though leaky little hovel which protected me



from the storm; and perhaps I should never again have recalled all the circumstances of the visit had I never again passed the road.

But in the middle of the last summer my business called me to travel past the same cot. It was on a still moonlight eve in July, that I ascended the small hillock that again presented the little cottage to view. It stands at the foot of a wild but charming mountain. I stopt my horse, and in a very few moments memory had placed before me every detail of my first visit. There were many interesting associations of ideas which my situation naturally suggested. And the scenery too was more than delightful. On the right, the rugged mountain reared its everlasting butments of stone, and defied all the blasts and gnawings of time. On the left, just through a narrow copse of woods the spreading lawns sloped as far as the bright moon would enable the eye to range; while the wild bounding stream, as it dashed along the side of the mountain, seemed to break the stillness, that would otherwise seem complete. Indeed, so still and silent was all around, and so quietly slept every leaf of the forest, that one was almost startled at the trampling of his own horse. It was now after ten o'clock, as I drew near the cottage. As I approached it I observed it was in the same wretched condition as formerly: and I thence naturally concluded the husband was the same wicked man. The rough board fence before it was much decayed, and every thing exhibited the appearance of neglect. A light glimmering through the crevices of the boards, which gave evidence that the occupants were not retired to rest, and I determined to call. On drawing still nearer, I was not a little surprised to hear a noise within; and at first I feared it was the unfeeling husband, who, just returned from the neighboring village, was closing another day of sin, by abusing his wife.—Nor could I for sometime believe I heard aright, when on stopping my horse, I heard a voice within praying very distinctly and fervently. While waiting, lest my entrance should disturb the worshippers, I noticed a large dog come around the house from a shed on the back side, and seated himself on the door-stone, without making any noise, as if to protect his master while engaged in devotion; but as soon as the voice of prayer was hushed, he immediately returned to his lodgings. At any other time, and in other circumstances, I might not have noticed this; but now it led me to think of that care, which God takes of all that put their trust in him. I knocked gently at the door, which was opened by the same hand which gave me admittance on a former occasion. The modest woman had forgotten my countenance, and seemed somewhat surprised at seeing a stranger at that time of night. I even thought she looked at me rather suspiciously as I took a seat as if to tarry some time. The subject of religion was soon introduced, and she conversed with the same correctness, though I thought with more animation and apparent delight than when I before saw her. On being asked if she was still contented with her condition, she recognized the stranger who had formerly sheltered himself here from the peltings of the storm, and she received me with a joy wholly unexpected.—On turning around I saw the room was now parted into two, one of which was a bed-room. From this room I saw the husband coming with his coat in his hand. I arose to meet him. “Ah!” said he, “you are the man who once called and comforted my poor wife!—Well, I am that same wicked husband, who so often abused her goodness, and I am glad to see you. I have hoped I should one day see you, that I

might tell you that so wicked a wretch has learnt to pray! O I have been a great sinner! but my wife has forgiven me, and I pray that God would also:" He wiped his eyes on his white shirt sleeve, and I saw also the tears glistening in the eyes of his wife, unless those in my own deceived me. He spoke with a feeling, that could not but awaken feeling in others. In a conversation of about an hour in length, I learned that it was within the space of a fortnight previous, that he had become a subject of a powerful revival of religion in the village near by. He had exerted himself to oppose its progress, and though his hard heart was as a stiff barrier against it, yet even that was subdued by omnipotent power. He was now to all appearance a new creature;—and I beheld the man who had so often ill treated the wife, and the wife who had so often prayed for the husband, and saw them both so happy, that I could not but feel deeply grateful for a religion which produces such a change. We united our hearts together before the throne of mercies, and each parted with mutual regret. As I was coming out of the door, he took me by the hand—"Sir, you live in——; do you know Mr. H?" "Yes," "And Mrs. H?" "Yes. Well, tell Mrs. H, that the wicked James——, who used so often to make her so much trouble, and who finally left her because she reproved him for breaking the sabbath. O tell her that this same wicked James——: now prays! Ask her to forgive him for he was very bad, and I pray God to forgive him. I have often felt hurt at my conscience for leaving that good woman's services and because she told me how wicked I was for breaking the sabbath! but by God's help I am now to live differently."

I left the now happy cottage with feelings wholly indistinguishable: and during a ride of six miles, had a good opportunity for meditating on the inscrutable ways of God. I have not since been that way;—but I hear from authentic sources, that the change on the heart of the cottager is real; that he is now very industrious, and at the beginning of cold weather, he had got his little house repaired to make them comfortable during the winter. Indeed, there is as great a change in his outward appearances as in himself; he sends his two little boys to the nearest school, neatly dressed, and they promise yet to make useful and respectable members of society. His wife feels that her prayers are answered beyond her most sanguine hope, and is as happy as need be. Such are now the promising appearances; and it cannot be doubted but in the great day, still greater effects will be seen to have resulted from the power of religion in the cottage.

T. B.

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*Rules for Self-Examination.*

1. Have I this day walked with God?
2. Trusting in him, as my Father and friend in Christ?
3. Depending on his divine influences?
4. Waiting upon his providential will, submissively and thankfully?
5. Keeping watch over my thoughts and heart for him?
6. Seeking him in devotion and self-examination?
7. Serving him in my calling?
8. Not forgetting him in my relaxations?
9. Turning to him when alone?
10. Laboring to glorify him in company?
11. Husbanding all my time for him?



12. Cleaving steadfastly to him in all trials and temptations?

Christ saith, "without me ye can do nothing."—St. Paul saith, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." Matt. xii 50. 1 John iii 14. Phil. ii. 15. 1 Thes. v. 23.

### THE UNNATURAL SON.

A certain farmer in Connecticut, possessing a small estate, was persuaded by his only son, (who was married, and lived with his father.) to give him a deed of the property. It was accordingly executed. Soon the father began to find himself neglected—next removed from the common table, to a block in the chimney corner, to take the morsel of food reluctantly given him—at last, one day the unnatural son resolved to try once more to break the afflicted heart of his sire. He procured a block and began to hollow it.—While at work, he was questioned by one of his own children, what he was doing. I am making a trough for your grandfather to eat out of, "was the reply. "Ah," says the child, "and when you are as old as grandfather, shall I have to make a trough for you to eat out of?" The instrument he was using fell from his hand—the block was cast on the fire—the old man's forgiveness asked, and he was restored to the situation his age and worth entitled him to.

### DUTY OF CHRISTIANS, No. III.

2. *The causes why christians neglect the duty of informing others.*

1. One cause, I fear, is that christians in general are not sufficiently ravished with the heavenly delights themselves. How then can they be zealous to engage others to seek them? They surely have not felt their lost and needy condition; nor the enlivening and renewing work of the spirit. How then can they discover these things to others? If we be guilty of sins, we should reform. Sin stops our mouths and maketh us ashamed. This is a cause why these duties are neglected, and a round of forms come in their stead.

2. Another cause is a spirit of infidelity prevailing in our hearts. Did we verily believe that all unregenerate men should be eternally tormented, O how could we be so indifferent! How could we look them in the face and not weep? Oh, christians, if we did truly believe any of our neighbors and friends must go to perdition, except they were converted, would not we be at them every opportunity, till they were persuaded? How could we hold our tongues, or let them alone from time to time; but because of our own unbelief? Were it not for this cursed unbelief, our own, and our neighbors' souls, might profit more than they do.

3. Another cause is hardness of heart. Like the Priest and Levite we look on the miserable and pass by. No tender heart could look upon a poor, blind, forlorn sinner, captivated by satan, and never open his mouth for his recovery. What though he be silent and do not desire our help? His misery cries for help. What a pitiful sight is the ignorant and profane. Their sores are open and visible to all, and yet we do not pity them. We pray with our mouths, to be sure, that God would open their eyes, and turn the hearts of our friends and neighbors. And why do we not endeavor their conversion, if we desire it? Doth not our negligence convince us of our hypocrisy in prayers and deceitful words? Our neighbors are near; our friends are in the house; we

eat, drink, work, walk, and talk with them, and yet say little or nothing to them in a serious, urgent manner! Why do we not pray them to consider and turn to God, as well as to pray God to convert and turn them? have we begged of them to think of their ways, as often as we have begged of God to make them do it? What if any of us should see our neighbors child fallen into a pit or river, and we should presently fall down on our knees and pray to God to help him out, but not stir to help him, nor even once persuade or direct him to help himself; would we not be guilty of both cruelty and hypocrisy? What the Holy Ghost saith of bodily miseries, may be said much more of soul miseries. *If any man seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*

4. Another cause is a man-pleasing disposition. We are loth to displease men, and desire their credit and favour. He is a foolish physician and an unfaithful friend, that will let a sick man die for fear of troubling him. And cruel wretches are we to our friends, that will rather suffer them to go quickly to hell, than hazard our reputation by reproving and exhorting them. If they were distracted, we would bind them and please them in nothing that tended to their hurt. And yet when they are beside themselves in point of salvation, and in their madness, posting on to damnation, we will not try to stop them for fear of displeasing them! How can we be christians? If we seek in this sense to please men, we are no longer the servants of Christ, Gal. i. 10. To win men, we must indeed in some sense "*become all things.*" But to please them to their destruction, is a course so base and barbarously cruel, that he, who shows the face of a christian, should abhor it.

5. Another cause of our neglect is bashfulness. When we should labour to make men ashamed of their sins, we are ashamed of our duties. May not these sinners condemn us, when they will not blush to swear, get drunk, and talk profane and idle stories, and we blush to reprove and persuade them from these! They boast of sins in the open streets, and why should not we be as bold in drawing them from sin. If they be superiors, do it in humility and respect. It is a thing that must be done. Bashfulness is unseemly in all cases of necessity. To persuade men to save their souls is not a business for christians to blush at. What souls may have been lost through this prevailing sin? The most of us are heinously guilty in this point. Do not each of us feel this to be our case? Hath not conscience told us many a time to speak to poor sinners, and yet we have been ashamed to open our mouths, and so let them sink or swim? The time approaches, when we will be ashamed of this shame. O let us think on these words: "*He that is ashamed of me and my words, before this adulterous generation, of him the Son of man will be ashamed before his Father and the holy angels.*"

6. Another cause of neglect is *pride*. To speak to equals and keep their company, some will do. To speak to those of our own party, almost all will do it. But to speak to beggars and mean persons in smoky nasty cottages, and there to exhort them from day to-day, where opportunity offers, and, when they have not joined nor are like to join our party, we leave them to sink or swim as below our notice and sympathy. Or if we notice them it is with reproach. It is a sign that



wealth and party spirit is our object, if we go not to preach, and persuade the poor and ignorant among our fellow men. When the God of glory comes in flesh to worms, and goeth preaching up and down from city to city, not the silliest woman, even among the Samaritans, that he thought too low to confer and talk with on spiritual things. B. S.

FROM THE GUARDIAN.

### A WALK AMONG THE TOMBS.

Now let me leave the bustling buisy scenes of life, to trace with pensive steps this solitary ground. O sacred enclosure! Repository of the dead—Man's last, long home! Here, he ceases from the toils of life. Here the poor slave, born only to work and weep, sleeps as sweetly as his tyranic lord—the son of sorrow forgets to weep—the invalid forgets his pains. The miser doats on his bags of gold no more—nor the beauty on her ornaments. Beauty! It is not here. Faded is the cheek which once bloomed and smiled. Even now I stand by the grave of the lovely Amanda. A few months ago she fluttered on life's gay and buisy stage—lovely and graceful was her form—intelligence sparkled in her eye. Her education was liberal and accomplished—It was just finished, and she, introduced to a flattering and deceitful world. Her heart palpitated with delightful anticipations of many a year of future bliss. The morning of Amanda were spent at the toilet or in turning over the pernicious pages of a novel, her evenings were divided between the card table, the theatre and the ball-room. Amanda lived in pleasure! She lived regardless of God, of heaven and hell, of death and eternity. The world was her idol, the world engaged all her thoughts; for the world alone she lived. But oh, how short was her career of folly. The spoiler came! One fatal ball finished the course of the young and blooming maid. At this scene of amusement she laid the foundation of a consumption. The worm of death wound itself into her lovely form, and fixed its sting in her heart. imperceptible, yet sure was its operation.

My soul melts within me when I think of the dying bed of Amanda. No pious friend was permitted to enter her chamber, to tell her of her danger as a perishing sinner, and of the hope that Jesus gives. Though her friends saw that she must die, yet not distant allusion to death was permitted to reach her ear. Flattered with hopes of a speedy recovery, she hugged her dear pleasures to her bosom, till the last hour. Novels and plays strewed her dying couch, till in one awful moment she was summoned to the tribunal of God! We may not lift the curtain that conceals her eternal destiny. Yet, let the votaries of fashion remember what *Eternal Truth* has said: "The friendship of the world is enmity with God."

I come now to the grave of the hoary pilgrim. Well do I remember when my youthful feet were wont to tread the pathway to the house of God—the venerable man, tottering over his staff, and slowly pursuing his way thither. Often as the holy Sabbath's light returned, he was seen walking up the consecrated aisle, and taking his accustomed seat beneath the sacred desk. Well do I remember his silvery locks, his sedate countenance, though marked by the hand of time, and heavier hand of sorrow; yet still placid, and meek, and kind. I remember too when with hands trembling with age, I saw him distribute the sacred

emblems of a dying Saviour's love, how my whole soul melted within me, and I regarded him with veneration and awe. Rest, holy saint! Soft and tranquil be thy slumbers, till the archangel's trump shall sound.

What a different scene rises to my view as I pass on to the next hillock. It is the grave of a drunkard!—How often have I seen him—not going to the house of God—no; seldom was his face seen there: but reeling through the streets to the tavern—to the Gaming table. There his nights were spent in noisy mirth and riot. There his property was squandered, his health wasted, his soul ruined! Disease soon preys upon his frame. He carries the mark of his vices in his face; and moves about a living skeleton; till the grave opens to receive his filthy body; and his soul—but I forbear;

Here lies by his side his mild, uncomplaining wife, who, with a broken heart, sunk long before him to this sequestered spot; where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Lovely woman! beat down with sorrow; yet meekly yielding to thy Father's will. Patiently performing the duties of life; training up thy sweet babes for God. Treated with unfeeling severity by a brutal husband; yet never once "rendering railing for railing." Oft the tear of sorrow has fell upon thy faded cheek, which no kind hand wiped away; the anguish of thy bleeding heart was poured out only to thy God, while thy faltering lips exclaimed, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Thy woes are past. The pure heaven has received thy chastened spirit; the soft hand of Jesus has wiped thy tears, and bound up thy broken heart, from which sorrow and sighing have fled away. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

I come now to a well known, never to be forgotten spot, where a friend, the associate of my childhood, the sharer of my joys and sorrows, sleeps her last sleep. Oft have my tears fallen upon this sod, nor shall they cease to fall. The days of years long since gone by, now rise to mind—days, when with thee I trod the flowery path of science, and walked to the house of God in company. O thou wast bound to my soul by many a tie. Dark was the day when this turf covered thee forever from my sight. How long I lingered round the sacred spot; how often since have my feet loved to wander here. Yes, angelic spirit, if thou art permitted from thy bright abode to look far down and survey the affairs of mortals, often when the twilight has spread her grey mantle over the earth, thou hast heard me bending my steps to this dear mournful spot;—thou hast heard the sigh; thou hast heard me with streaming eyes implore the grace of heaven to enable me to live like thee. Thou didst not sleep away life's little day; O no. What thy hand found to do thou didst it with thy might. The morning sun and evening shade found thee employed in thy Master's work; thou wentest about doing good. Long, long will the child of poverty, the wretched, the broken hearted, remember the tender, sympathizing friend, who soothed their sorrows. Long will their tears mingle with mine. Methinks some heathen soul, too, at the great day, will call thee blessed. O, well do I remember the midnight prayer in their behalf, the incessant labors of thy hands, to send them the word of eternal truth. Now am I comforted. I will wipe my tears. I would not if I could, recal thee; for alas, thou hadst much to suffer. Life was to



thee a rugged road; but thou hast weathered the storm; the last dread enemy thou hast conquered through Jesus. The crown is on thy head, the palm in thy hand. Peace then to these dear relics. O! as lovely spring returns, this turf shall bloom with sweet flowers, and tell to the passing stranger, "*Eliza had a friend!*" Like thee may I live, and when on this frame death shall have laid his freezing hand, and I come to lay by thy side, may my spirit meet thine in that pure world where the friends of Jesus shall be re-united to part no more. CORNELIA.

## Religious Intelligence.

FOR THE INFORMER.

*Letter from Eld. Samuel Wire, dated Phelps, N. Y. Feb. 24, 1823.*

DEAR BROTHER CHASE,

I feel a measure of gratitude to God, that I still live to see the work of God prosper, though my health at present is poor, yet I thank God that I am able to sound Salvation to poor sinners, and comfort the saints.

Sept. the 17, 1822, I made a visit to the town of Catharine, near the head of Seneca Lake. That part of the town where I went was a new settlement, and made up in part with different denominations of Christians, but little or no worship among them. My first visit I thought was in vain.

In the month of Nov. I went again, and I thought I see some tokens of reformation.

Jan. the 17th, I met them again, and, glory be to God, he had stirred them up to a lively exercise, and heavenly union. They all considered the cause of God, one cause.

Feb. the 7th, I met them the last time, and found, to the joy of my heart, that God had converted about eight souls and before I left the place, the number was increased to fourteen or fifteen, and a large number under awakening. Four of the number I baptized. There are children from ten to fifteen years, which give a very clear evidence of a work of grace on the heart.

It rejoices my heart to see infidelity come to nought, and bigotry and superstition flee before the light of the glorious gospel of Christ. The Lord is favouring us in this western clime with the outpouring of his spirit in many places. The church of God in Brutus, which has been very low for a number of years, is now revived and renewed her travel, and a number have been added. They have two

unordained Preachers Br. Blakesby and Br. Whaley.

Yours in best of Bonds,

SAMUEL WIRE.

FOR THE INFORMER.

*The Rhode-Island quarterly meeting*

Was holden on the 18th and 19th of January last, at Gloucester on Saturday, and at Smithfield on the Sabbath.

It was a heavenly and happy meeting, and much refreshing news was communicated from the several Churches. Order and harmony prevailed through the whole course of the meeting. The work seemed to gain strength, and, together with the strong, to press forward towards the mark for the prize. The prospect in this q. m. perhaps never appeared so prosperous as at present. A church, constituted in Mendon, was added to the q. m. Six ordained preachers in the connexion, and several unordained, attended. The Elders' conference was held the Friday preceding the q. m.

The next q. m. was appointed on the 2d Saturday and Sabbath in May next, the place not designated. The Elders conference the Friday preceding.

JOB ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

### CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

When we consider the ages which have elapsed since the introduction of christianity, and the events attending its propagation, how wonderful is the history we contemplate! We see a mighty light spreading over all mankind, from one spark kindled in an obscure corner of the earth. A humble persecuted teacher preaches a religion of peace, of forgiveness of injuries, of submission to temporal authorities, of meekness, brotherly love, and universal benevolence; he is tried, condemned and executed for his doctrines; he rises from the tomb, and breaking down the bars of death, sets open to all mankind the evidence of a life to come, and at the same time, points out the sure path to everlasting happiness in the future state. A few unlettered disciples, his adherants and survivors, take up his doctrines and go forth amongst the princes of the Roman empire, then in its zenith, preaching a religion to the gentiles, directly striking at the foundation of the most splendid fabric of superstition ever reared on earth.—These gentiles are not a rude and



barbarous race, but men of illuminated minds, acute philosophers, eloquent orators, powerful reasoners, eminent in arts, in sciences, and armed with sovereign power. What an undertaking for the teachers of christianity! What a conflict for religion, holding forth no temporal allurements! On the contrary, promising nothing but mortification in this world and refering all hope of a reward, for present sufferings, to the unseen glories of a life to come.

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FOR THE INFORMER.

*Letter from Eld. David Swett, dated, Pawtucket, R. I. Feb. 28th, 1823.*

BROTHER CHASE,

I cannot do justice to my feelings, without hinting to thee, the glorious addition we have had to the praying company since my last.

The work, of which I spake in this place has moved so gloriously, that the number of converts is 39, and the number of mourners as much increased.

I think there were 9 converted in one afternoon, while some of the people were so distressed, that they openly declared they must omit running their factory, if the work spreads as it has done, for many were so distressed under conviction, they could not work, but thought best to seek first the kingdom of God.

Elders T. Morse and R. Allen, with Elder D. Green have been much in the spirit of the work.

Notwithstanding this company of pilgrims have for a long space of time nearly despaired, yet they now say in scripture language, "*the winter is past, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.*"

I have had the privilege of visiting the towns of Taunton, Assonet, New Bedford, Westport, Portsmouth, Middleton, Bristol, Swanzey, Rehoboth, and Attleborough; truly it is a time of the Mediator's power in every direction.

In New Bedford more than 75 among the Christian Brethren, and a large number with the Methodists, are the happy subjects.

In Bristol the work is good with the Methodists, and some converted among the baptists.

So moves the stone cut out of the mountain without hands.

May God increase the work. Farewell, DAVID SWETT.

P. S. It just strikes my mind to remark, that last fall God moved in a very wonderful manner, and converted a number of the youth at a village, where there are several factories, known by the name of "Valley falls," about six miles from Providence. The opposition against the work scarce has had a rival in these parts. Many of the meetings were much disturbed by some of the baser sort. Since the work subsided, two damsels were drowned, a young man shot on the sabbath by accident, and a young woman fifteen years old, caught in a band in the factory, and torn to death in a most shocking manner, by having been carried over the drum seven or eight times.

The above with some other alarming and sudden deaths seem to solemnly affect the living. In short, it does appear that God is taking every means to arouse this part of the land, that we may prepare for eternity. D. S.

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*Extracts of Letters.*

By a letter from Br. George G. Russell, it appears that a good revival has taken place in Hallowell, Me. and in towns adjoining, and that union is much increasing among different denominations.

By a letter from Br. Charles Rolfe we learn that the brethren are stedfast in the cause of Christ in Clarksfield, O. and in the towns around; but they are very destitute of preachers, and earnestly desire that gospel laborers would visit them.

Brother D. Marks informs us that the glorious work of reformation continues in Batavia, N. Y. and has spread into Riga and Elbe. Six of late have been baptized in that vicinity by Elders Hinkley and Parmenter.

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*Communion of our hearts.*

If we would but learn to commune with our hearts, and know what noble company we can make them, we should little regard the elegance and splendor of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene—like travellers they are going home. The wicked but by intervals are happy, like travellers who are going into exile.

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He that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadily at both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the former will grow greater, and the latter less.



ORDINATION.—Brother Daniel Williams of Burrillville was ordained to the work of the ministry, Oct. 12, 1822.

ORDER OF THE ORDINATION.—Ordaining prayer by Elder R. Allen. Charge by Elder D. Swett. Right hand of fellowship by Eld. T. Morse. Concluding prayer by Eld. D. Green. Job Armstrong, Clerk.

This ordination should have been published in Dec. last but was omitted through mistake.



#### OBITUARY.

DIED.—At Buxton, Maine, on the 11th of December last, Mrs. Catharine White, wife of Elder Joseph White Gloucester, R. I. aged 24. Although the widowed husband has to mourn the premature departure of an endearing companion, her relatives and the Church of Christ, an amiable and much-beloved daughter, sister, and friend; yet they have the cheering consolation that their loss is her eternal gain. As an amiable companion, an esteemed friend, and above all as an exemplary, meek and humble follower of Jesus, will her memory long continue to be cherished by those, who knew her.

In Enfield, March 2d, Widow Elizabeth Clough, aged 37. In Palermo, Me. on the 26th of February suddenly, Mr. James Sanders aged 76. He has left a wife, nine children, and 58 grand, and great grand children.

#### POETRY.

- 1 O what a lovely sight I see, I see my friends and neighbors  
In friendship join'd, in love agreed, agreed in all their labors.  
Not joy, nor mirth, nor the whole earth, with all their glittering  
treasure  
Can shew a light, that shines so bright, nor gives me so much pleasure.
- 2 Lillies nor roses when full grown can't shew so brilliant beauty,  
As when I see each act their own, faithful in ev'ry duty.  
Join'd in one band with harp in hand, they tune their sacred lyre;  
In brightest lays they sing God's praise, which sets my soul on fire.
- 3 This is the way, the *good old way*, the vulture's eye ha'n't seen it;  
The lion's whelp ne'er trod this way, nor fools can never err in't.  
Ye ransom'd few, this way pursue, your captain's gone before;  
You soon shall land with all your band on Canaan's peaceful shore.
- 4 Strange things by chance are brought to view, 'twas chance first led  
me hither,  
I'm in the flock a speckled hue, unlike in every feather.  
My harp unstrung doth feebly hang, on yonder weeping willows;  
Like Jonah I do weep and cry beneath the raging billes.
- 5 Oft I look back, as oft I weep, I contemplate with wonder,  
Why was I made to taste those sweets, and from those sweets to  
wander.  
On husks I fed till almost dead, with hunger pinch'd, I pined;  
But now I taste those fat'ning feasts, wine on the lees refined.

*Lines composed by Elder Elijah Shaw, of Brutus, N. Y.*

- 1 In wicked youthful company from time to time I have appear'd,  
Where vain and earthly things I've seen, which oft my youthful  
heart has cheer'd;  
But since I've thrown these things away and found the Lord to be my  
friend,  
I've met with many happy saints, who pray'r and praise to God did  
send.
- 2 But yet I often feel my heart inclin'd to leave all things below,  
And from all earthly friends to part, and to some lonesome desert go.  
When I'm alone in sad retreat, then I can walk from grove to grove;  
And with my holy Jesus meet, while slowly on my feet do move.
- 3 Here I can meditate and pray, and talk with Jesus Christ my friend;  
Hour after hour alone can stay, while Jesus doth his Spirit lend;  
I think on bloody Calvary, and view my Saviour's suff'rings o'er;  
Pond'ring on what he felt for me, that I to heav'n with him might  
soar.
- 4 While I am thus retir'd alone, what solemn things roll through my  
mind;  
I lift my eyes, aloud I mourn, next on the ground myself I find;  
Poor sinners awful state I view; which fills my soul with solemn  
grief;  
And sighing, cry, what shall I do, when will poor sinners have relief.
- 5 Then in my view the judgment comes; I think of meeting sinners  
there;  
O! then I think I'll spend my lungs, that they in Christ may have a  
share;  
Then from the ground I raise my head, and view the woods and open  
space,  
To mourning then again I'm led, and flowing tears run down my face.
- 6 I walk from place to place alone, while solemn, solemn, is my heart;  
I long to see poor strangers mourn; that they may find in Christ a  
part; [turn;  
For now I view his arms spread wide, to save all those who will re-  
I view that they in Christ may hide, if they of him will only learn.
- 7 But soon, ye saints, we shall get through, these sorrows on this earth  
below,  
Our Saviour face to face shall view, while in our hearts his love will  
glow;  
Then, O! weep on, ye happy saints; the Lord will fill our hearts  
with joy; [stroy.  
We soon shall enter heaven's gates; and Christ will all our foes de-

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